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I FINALLY DID IT! I BENT A FORK.

Carol E. Mitchell
MC Squared Graduate and Fork Bender

Explaining why it is bent in a “flipping the bird” gesture, will take a bit of time.

Please excuse my verbosity.

I was that person in our MC Squared class who didn’t bend a spoon during class. After class ended, I took more than a year off from attempting to vandalize flatware.

A few nights ago, it was time to revisit spoon bending.

I asked my beloved, Steve, to play spoon bending with me.

Steve took the fork. I took the spoon. Then it was ON! We were locked in a contest that had all the spectator appeal of watching paint dry.

Almost immediately, Steve bent the fork at the neck, where the handle flares into the “tines part” of the fork. I laughed and faked a winey voice saying that he “always” does this, and that I’ll “never” be able to.

When we were done laughing about it, I told him I wanted to bend a fork by only bending the 2 *outside* tines, in a “digitus impudicus” symbol.

(In American English slang, this gesture is commonly known as “flipping someone off.”

Legend has it that this naughty hand gesture was invented by Aristophanes and first used on Aristotle in a heated argument about geometry.)

Hmm. Another digression.

... Back to the story.

I played with my spoon for another 10 minutes. Nothing happened. I felt tired, so I kissed Steve goodnight and went to bed.

Steve lingered in the living room.

Only a few minutes after I had settled for the night, he called me out of bed “because [I] needed to see something.”

When I dragged my sleepy self out of bed to find out what was so important, he showed me his fork which now had the 2 outer tines bent, along with the bend in the neck.

Steve reported to me that, while still holding his bent fork, he had nodded off for a moment and woke to a fork with the 2 outside tines bent, in addition to the bend he had made in the neck.

Backstory

July 2020

In our MC Squared (MC2) class of July 2020, I was the student who failed to bend a spoon that week.

My boyfriend, “Steve, the Amazing,” a Monroe-trained Remote Viewer, did not take the MC^2 course with me. Instead he cooked, cleaned and washed laundry so I could sleep during the breaks in class.

(I had been sick for 3+ months before the start of MC2 class such that I greatly appreciated his patient assistance.)

(Remind me to give him a medal for being amazing.)

But I digress.

Apropos the MC2 class spoon-bending exercise, while I was struggling to manage my embarrassment and frustration over failing to bend a spoon, Steve, new to spoon bending, picked up one of my specially-bought MC2 class spoons and, after a few quiet minutes, bent it.

Before I actually tried it, I had thought spoon-bending would be easy, and I struggled to calm my frustration as I tried and tried but never quite found my groove for that exercise.

When Steve showed me his first-ever spoon-bending success, I did not immediately respond as well as I would have liked.

I told Steve I needed a 5-minutes time out to manage my frustrations.

Only after my “reset time,” was I able to dance my happy dance about my sweetheart’s spoon-bending success.

I am always delighted by how very much better happy dancing feels than frustrated pouting, even if I have to go to time out to get to my happy place.